

HOTEL LIFE IN SPAIN

ITS PECULIARITIES TEND TO DISCOURAGE THE TRAVELER.

A City of Magnificent Ruins—Factory Which for Centuries Has Turned Out Toledo Blades.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

TOLEDO, Spain, May 2.—Castilian hotels, from the showiest of the imperial capital to the shabbiest of border villages, are celebrated throughout Christendom for extraordinary discomforts. This "Necropolis of three empires" possesses the poorest of them all—so poor that the una noche Toledo (a night in Toledo), has passed into a proverb, indicating unmitigated wretchedness. The most expensive of Toledo's hostilities—one cannot truthfully say "best" where there are no degrees of goodness—is the Fonda Imperial, fronting the once fashionable Zocodover, or Moorish plaza, in the heart of the city. Its rather imposing exterior gives promises which are unfulfilled within, and the sophisticated visitor bases well-founded apprehensions of evils to come on the first whiff of vile odors encountered in the long, dark entrance hall. The railway omnibus, which is about the only wheeled vehicle in Toledo, clatters straight through this front hall, from the street to the interior patio; and of course pedestrians follow suit. What a contrast to the cool, delightful courtyards of Andalusia, with their sparkling fountains, fragrant flower beds and orange trees, wide and narrow courts—open overhead to sun and shower, roughly paved, like the public street and infinitely dirtier—is surrounded by a rickety gallery, into which all the chambers open. Three sides of the ground floor are utilized as a stable, where mules munch their barley and "murder sleep" for tired travelers in the rooms above by stamping the stones the long night through; the rest of the space being occupied by gossiping servants and muleteers, bags of grain and charcoal, saddles, kitchen paraphernalia and all the odds and ends of the household. The landlady—her bare feet thrust into heelless slippers and figure presenting a ludicrous resemblance to one of her own grain bags, indifferently tied in the middle—meets you in this characteristic reception room and with voluble Spanish welcome places the casa and all it contains "a su disposición de U.," and then by clapping her pudgy hands, summons the mozo to conduct you to an apartment.

AN IMPORTANT FUNCTIONARY. The mozo, by the way, deserves a special paragraph. He is the steward of every Spanish house, the major domo and factotum-in-general, without whom the machinery would soon stop, like a run-down clock. He buys the food, and often cooks it. He is chambermaid, table-waiter, porter, errand boy, and bootblack—performing these manifold services for the average salary of \$2 or \$3 a month and his "keep"—catching his meals on the run, so to say, and sleeping whenever and wherever he can—generally on the stones of the patio while guarding the front door. He never dreams of bettering his condition, but is honest, faithful, even proud of his position, which he rightfully considers the most important in the household. Having so little leisure, his toilet is not elaborate—consisting of a calico shirt, seldom washed, a pair of his master's cast-off trousers, cowhide sandals, without hose, and a sort of shawl wound around his waist in bulky folds, the slack of it in front making a convenient receptacle for carrying things, from the marketing to the morning mail and the coppers that are bestowed upon him in the way of tips. Such useless articles as collars and ties never disfigure his neck; the soap of old Castile and his skin are made his business, and he considers his duty done in the line of personal adornment if he combs his hair on festa days and gets himself shaved two or three times a year.

The bedrooms of the Fonda Imperial are a fair sample of the best to be found in Spanish hotels, and a description of one fits most of them to perfection. The flooring is of square, red bricks, called by courtesy tiles, damp in summer, cold as the charity of the world in winter. The ceiling is formed by unplanned joists that support the roof; walls whitewashed and usually hung with a few French wood cuts in gaudy colors, portraying scenes not usually on exhibition where the proprieties of life are considered. The bedstead is of iron, curtained with lace and canopied with satin, but with remarkable paucity of covering, sheets that you hesitate to put yourself between, bullet-proof pillows and flock mattresses hard enough to satisfy an anchorite.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ABUNDANCE. The whole business is painfully suggestive of objects of entomological research—and indeed you need not search for them; like sins, they will specify find you out. The peculiar wit of the Spaniard, as well as his indolence, is shown in the military names he has bestowed upon his abounding vermin, while he brings no pains to eradicate them. These homages to the genus Pediculus he calls infantry; fleas, cavalry, and the humble but industrious laborer in the human vineyard, known in the far West as "B-flat," is classed as artillery. Mosquitoes are appropriately styled trumpet; roaches, drummer boys, and so on to the end of the chapter.

I am told by Americans who have made the Spanish tour that in every city where considerable time is spent it is far better to eschew hotels and seek some casa de huéspedes—a sort of boarding house, equivalent to the French pension. There are several of them in Toledo, the best kept by two elderly señoritas in a narrow street near the cathedral. Wherever you locate sleep is almost out of the question, except during the middle of the day, when men and beasts are taking their siesta. These narrow alleys, within high black walls, carry sound like a trumpet. Not only the serenades, yelling the hours and the state of the weather, make night hideous, and people returning late from club or opera pounding upon their doors to awake the sleeping mozo or calling the policeman with his duplicate keys, but ordinary conversation has the effect of shouting, and the passage of a mule sounds like the tramp of an army.

HISTORIC MARKET PLACE. Setting out from the Fonda Imperial to "do" the town, you find yourself at once in the old Moorish Plaza de Zocodover—"zoo" in Arabic, "zoco" in Spanish, "soke" in English, signifying a market place. Readers of Cervantes and Lázaro de Tormes will recall this and Zocodover as the haunt of rogues and those proud, but poor, don whiskerados who swaggered and starred with their capes y espadas. For years it was the site of national sports of fire and blood, the auto de fe and the bull fight. Now it is a favorite promenade and the general lounging place of idlers, including many a haughty and hungry don, wrapped in his picturesque cape, with his sword clanking at his heels. You have no need to hunt for novelties in Toledo, for they meet you at every turn—quaint old houses, picturesque groups of buildings, nooks and corners crammed with his-

torical and traditional interest, the marks of Romans, Goths, Saracens and Christians, who have in turn reigned in these lordly towers and left mementos of their occupation. Before coming to Spain you read much of the wonders of Toledo, and perhaps agreed with the writers that the old city ought still to be, as formerly, the capital of the country. Once on the spot you find its objects of interest more numerous and wonderful than imagination had pictured; but at the same time you probably decide in mind that a place so inaccessible, so mediaeval, so hopelessly out of touch with the life and spirit of the age is not fitted for a nineteenth-century seat of government, even in slow-going Spain. Everything shows the extreme age of the city and the impression it creates of sadness and solemnity intensifies as time goes on. Never was town more beautifully situated than this "crown of Spain," upon its granite peaks, eighteen hundred feet above the encircling Tagus; the tawny river, that bursts like a wild thing through the near-by mountain gorge and foams at its feet. Some unknown visitor says: "Toledo has the color, the roughness, the haughty poverty of the Sierra on which it is built. It is less a town—a noisy affair, yielding to the commodities of life—than a significant spot for the soul. Secret and inflexible, with its vast cathedral springing skyward, its alcázar and palaces with their hidden, mysterious patios, it appears in this harsh, over-heated land, like an image of exaltation in solitude—a city in the desert."

BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURE. Tourists come to gaze upon the dead city as they visit the sphinx, antiquarians prowl among its ancient monuments and shrines, poets and painters find here rich material for their art, and the builder suggestions for his modern designs. Though there is so much to attest its former glory, you feel that infinitely more has vanished under the hand of the spoiler—that nothing ever was or ever could have been young in this skeleton city, where the voice of God echoes amid Roman ruins and the steps of the Christians tread on the heels of the Moor. The place abounds with noble examples of Saracen architecture, for the reason that few of its ruins have been "restored"—heaven save the mark!—or disfigured by whitewash. Turn where you will, the eye is delighted by ornate facades, carved gateways, quaint windows with balconies and crossbars, soft-tinted azulejos and the horseshoe arch with its beautiful curves; and upon all is the mellow hue of a withered pomogranate. Time was when Toledo's III churches, including the magnificent cathedral, were crowded with worshippers; now only sixty are used, the rest being mostly in ruin. Out of thirty-four hospitals only two remain, and the former population of more than 200,000 has dwindled to less than 20,000. But the poor old place is eminently fitted for its present role—a depository of departed grandeur, a hiding place for impoverished nobles and broken-down gentility—and also for a manufactory of that reminiscence of past ages, the "Toledo blade."

A SWORD FACTORY. One of the first things that most tourists do is to visit the celebrated "Fabrica d'Armas," which for centuries turned out swords as strong and flexible as those of Damascus. It stands on the right bank of the Tagus, about a mile northwest of the city. The present huge rectangular, unsightly building was erected for Charles III, in 1788, and is well provided with forges and all accessories, including a chapel for the pious laborers, dedicated to Santa Barbara, the patroness of cannons. All the arms blanks for Spain's soldiers are made here, but most of the swords now manufactured have neither the temper nor the beauty of the antique specimens displayed in the museum. Some of them have mottoes enameled in gold upon the blades, such as "Soldados valientes del Rey," "In defense of my lady," "Do not draw me without reason, nor sheathe me without honor." Time was when the choicest Toledo blades were so elastic that they were packed in boxes for shipment curled up like the mainspring of a watch, or, as Falstaff says, "Compassed like a good bilboa, in the circumference of a peck, half a point, heel to head."

If you desire to secure a "blade," or even the tiniest sword hilt or paper cutter, or a souvenir of Toledo, on no account purchase it outside of the factory; and even there you must pay a very high price for it. There is a large, well-lit and excellently arranged show room in the building, open every day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., with civil attendants who speak a little French, English and German, besides their native Spanish. Swords, daggers, inland paper knives, scissors and all kinds of fancy cutlery are displayed in cases, the price of each article distinctly marked in pesetas and centavos. Every blade bears the word "Artilleria, Toledo, Fabrica de Toledo," with the date. Those merely stamped with the word Toledo have not been made in the government factory, and are largely sold in the city. Among the most beautiful, the sword cutters for the hair, beautifully incrustured with arabesque designs in gold and silver.

At one time the manufactory of artistic silk at Toledo for church vestments constituted one of the greatest industries of Spain. Only one of these is now in operation, established about a century ago. Its silks woven with gold are very fine. The only other "special industry" of the city is the manufacture of licorice, in large amounts, for export to America.

THE AWFUL SENSATIONS

THAT BESET A MAN WHO HAS SENT ANOTHER TO DEATH.

Sleeping or Waking, the Spectre Is Always by His Side—The Story of a Sheriff.

What are the sensations of one who has sent the spirit of a fellow mortal out of this life into the inscrutable darkness of the beyond? This gruesome but none the less fascinatingly interesting query might find answer readily enough, for in every community there are some who have experienced the dread sensations, but few are willing to discuss the awful subject. Nothing is better known than that veterans of wars will always shun, as they would a rattlesnake, interrogatories relating to whether they ever killed a man in battle. Assembled around the cheery campfire they will talk long and loudly of the terrific engagements in which they have been participants and of the dreadful slaughter sustained by the enemy, but not a word about the percentage of that slaughter which might rightfully be attributed to each recruit. What is the reason for this diffidence, if war is right and just and its warriors engaged in praiseworthy occupation?

A man who was once United States district attorney for the district of Kentucky, with headquarters in the federal building at Louisville, threw a flood of light upon the above question in a talk he had one day with his stenographer. The stenographer had often noted the fits of unaccountable irritability which would seize his chief without the slightest warning of their approach. One day the district attorney was sitting in his study, the door of his private office in the wild, reckless manner of a caged hyena. To inquiries relating to affairs of business he would return short, angry responses.

NEVER KILL A MAN. Suddenly he paused in his awe-inspiring march about the room, and turning his face full upon the young man, said hurriedly and with intense feeling: "My boy, whatever you do, never kill a man. Let him insult, abuse you, spit upon you—anything, but don't, for the sake of your peace of mind, forever afterwards, don't stain your hands with human blood. It is awful, terrible, beyond the power of words to describe." Once more he took up his weary, ceaseless pacing around the small circuit of his office, with head bowed and face bearing marks of some strong internal suffering. Again his burden grew greater than he could bear alone, and the goading Nemesis enthroned within his brain again drove him to speech. "I want to tell you a story," said he, "and when I am through you will understand the meaning of my strange outburst a few moments ago. When I was a young man, about twenty-one years of age, I was working peacefully on a farm, enjoying life as well as most young fellows situated as I was. One day a United States deputy marshal, with an armed posse, in search of a desperate offender against Uncle Sam's laws, came by the place where I was working and asked me to join his party. The spirit of adventure ran high within me at that time, and I eagerly embraced the opportunity for distinction. I happened to have some information about the hunted man which the rest of the posse knew nothing about, and I managed to get separated from them, with a view to pursuing my own ideas unaided. I found the little cabin where the desperado was concealed, and, armed to the teeth, strode bravely up to the door and knocked. I confess that when I heard that knock my heart rose up in my throat for a little while. Almost instantly the door was thrown open, and the hunted man made a furious lunge at me. We were involved in a life and death struggle. His efforts were bent towards getting his revolver directed against my body in order that he might quickly end the contest. After the lapse of some seconds I saw him say to me, from the bottom of my heart, I wish he had succeeded. But he did not. In some way—I cannot tell you how, for I don't know—I got the pistol turned towards his left side and pulled the trigger. With a groan I shall never be able to get out of my memory he relaxed the terrible hold he had upon me and rolled over lifeless in the dust of the road. Would I give, if I had that terrible picture of a fellow-being lying dead before me, his blood flowing in a horrible stream from the wound I had inflicted upon him with my own hand. Of course, when the rest of the posse found out what I had done they showered praises upon me, saying that I had done a wonderful thing in ridding the country of such a desperate criminal.

"I could not then, nor have I been able to since, regard my act in any other light than as the murder of a man. It may sound improbable to you, but I declare to you solemnly that from that time to this I have not had a single night's undisturbed rest. Always that frightful vision stands between me and perfect sleep. In the dead of night, when every one else around the house is buried in slumber, my conscience drives me from my bed onto the floor, where I pace up and down, sometimes the whole night long, just as you have seen me do this afternoon. It is not often that I tell anyone what I have told you, for it is a subject I do not care to discuss, but occasionally the weight of my grief becomes too much to be borne alone."

The confessor returned, the man aroused the curiosity of the young man who heard it and he afterwards made many inquiries to verify or disprove it. He not only found that the particular instance related was true in every detail, but that others have had the same experience. It does not seem to matter whether the killing was done in self-defense or in carrying out the mandate of the law—the deed leaves an impression upon the perpetrator which can never be effaced.

SHERIFF'S DUTIES. Sheriffs are in a position to furnish corroboration of the story herein related, if they could be induced to talk or the topic. It is well known, however, that executions are the bane of such officials' lives. In a majority of cases the execution task is performed by a deputy. In a town situated in the Indiana gas belt there once lived a youthful sheriff who had no idea of the horror of executing a criminal. It became his duty to hang a man "by the neck until dead," in accordance with the pronouncement of the judge. After the victim had been declared lifeless and cut down, while the corpse was being conveyed from the gallows, the executioner cried out in a voice broken with awful feeling, "Boys, any of you that wants my job can have it. I don't want it any longer." As a matter of fact, he did resign from his office and never again held any position or engaged in any business. He was a completely changed man. At night he was restless and uneasy, preferring to go out in the woods and wander about until morning. He kept a pack of five hunting dogs, with which he spent many a night in the deep

darkness and solitude of the forest, hunting or roaming aimlessly about. Possessed of a fine farm at the time of leaving the sheriff's office, he gradually sunk into almost abject poverty. When he died a few years ago he was buried with money earned by the labor of his wife, who had supported him for many years.

AT SAGE COLLEGE.

How Students of Cornell's Woman's Department Occupy Themselves.

The way to get the best idea of the life at a college is either to follow a student's life through the course or, if one wants a more general idea, to follow the life of the entire college for some period of time, say a year. I suppose to an outsider the first thought when Sage College is brought to his mind is that it is a part of Cornell University and therefore coeducational. This fact is not so prominent in the minds of those resident in Sage. Indeed, unless one comes from a girls' preparatory school, she does not give the fact of coeducation, as such, a thought, and even if she has come from such an institution she soon realizes that the men swell the list of students to a number that women alone could not attain at the present time and so enable the university to provide facilities for acquiring learning that otherwise could not be had.

So, leaving the great problem of coeducation to solve itself, the average freshman enters eagerly into the life of Sage. In the first place, three-fourths of the girls at Sage come to Cornell with the ultimate idea of self-support. So the majority of the girls have not the time for nor can they afford an incessant round of gayeties. But the fun on the occasions of celebration seems all the more spontaneous. In the fall term, soon after the freshmen have finished decorating their room and is settled in her work, comes the first "Sage reception." It is given in the Sage drawing room, and Miss Brownell, who is the warden of Sage, together with Miss Macbeth, her assistant, introduce the new girls to the members of the faculty. A few hours are spent in five or ten-minute conversations here and there between faculty and freshmen. Rather formal, perhaps, but afterward the ice seems thinner, if not actually broken. Later in the term the first of the class entertainments takes place. The seniors give some entertainment, to which the women students of the university are invited. This is the first of a series, each class giving one during the year. Usually these two entertainments are the extent of the festivities in the fall term. The juniors follow in the winter term with theirs and they earnestly endeavor to outshine their predecessors. This year the juniors gave Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, dedicated to the admiring and wonderful-struck freshmen ever; one of importance in Cornell from President Schurmann down to Rita, Miss Brownell's lap-dog. These celebrities as Professor Stephens and Professor Carson were there so natural in appearance that the audience fairly gasped. The sophomores were clever still. They gave Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" in pantomime and no one had thought that there were that many fair women in the sophomore class. Of course, the freshmen eclipsed all, and the way in which they did it was by simply doing nothing. They gave a lawn fete, served refreshments for their guests and let them entertain themselves. Even the sophomores, 1930's deadly rivals, acknowledged their success. Speaking of rivalry reminds one of the freshmen banquet and the frantic endeavors by the sophomores to prevent its taking place. They expected it a day too soon and prepared various surprises in the way of posters, imprisonment of class officers, etc., and so on, but all these things were of no avail. The sophomores were a surprised and disappointed crowd the next morning, too worn out after their exertions to be troublesome, and that night the banquet passed smoothly off.

The Sage Dramatic Club is another important factor in the pleasure side of Sage life. All girls of all four classes can belong. The club gives a play each term and the casts are chosen by a competition for parts among the members. Of course, the girls have their athletic and basketball banner is furiously contested every year. The seniors invariably win it, but this in no way takes away from the eagerness and excitement of the contest. I fear I have given the idea of a great deal of fun and no work by giving this catalogue of entertainments, but the fact that there are as many girls in proportion to the whole membership, in the honorary societies, Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi, as there are men, leads me to believe that there is a large majority of work in the year's curriculum. Cornell has a reputation for getting a great deal of hard work out of her students and the number of "Please do not disturb" signs on the doors at the relieving periods of the year shows that her daughters do not grudge her the labor any more than do her sons. Even the leisure hours are not entirely given up to frolic. On Sunday evenings the girls rather cutely decide upon a record in the drawing room and sing a few hymns before dispersing to their rooms.

Miss Brownell comes in contact with the girls in various ways. On Monday afternoon she is at home from 4 to 6, and serves tea for the girls in her private reception room while she tells them stories and tries to rid them of their embarrassment. She also invites the girls to dine with her, entertaining five at a time in her own little dining room. Once every month she talks to the women students in a body. It has been her ambition to make Sage self-governing, and she has succeeded remarkably well in the short time she has been here. She will not be with us next year. The details of her resignation have been published before, and besides, this is no place for them. Sage girls are sorry to lose her, but as she is leaving for the sake of a principle we cannot wish her to stay in defiance of it. Certain reforms of government, certain principles of self-control and self-reliance, that she has tried to instill into us will remain; principles that would have grown of themselves with time and experience, but she hastened in their development.

So, after all, judging from this letter, Sage is not so very different from other colleges, but it is different, as it always is, in the associations that come only through living in and of it. A. S. B. Sage College, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., June 2.

SUBURBAN NEWS.

Brightwood. Miss Katherine Mescall has returned from Mattoon. Mrs. Welch and daughter are visiting relatives in Union City. Mrs. E. A. Brown returned, Wednesday, from her visit to Peoria. Mrs. E. B. Hanna and daughter are visiting relatives in Henderson. Mr. Charles W. and Mrs. William Bradshaw are visiting friends in Acton. Mr. Knight, of Greentown, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Murphy, on Stewart street. Mr. E. W. Titus and family are spending a few days at the home of Mr. E. E. Shepherd, on River street. Miss Bertha Newhart and Miss Carrie Merrill, of Fortville, are visiting relatives here. Mrs. Latwick entertained a large number of friends, Wednesday evening, at her home, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Mulholland, of Delaware, O. Mrs. Bertha Waiters, who has been visiting relatives in Delaware, O., has returned home. Miss Maude Christian, of Castleton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Huffman, on Gale street. Mr. Charles Murphy, of Windfall, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Baker, has returned to his home. The Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational Church, will give a musical and literary entertainment at the church, June 22. Haughville. Miss Mabel Scott is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George Wineberger, in Cincinnati. Miss Maude Wood will leave this week for Ladoga and Roachdale to visit relatives. Miss Katherine Johnson is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Goldberg, on Belmont avenue. Mrs. Aaron Wood, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Holmes, in Chicago, has returned home. Mrs. Henry Madden entertained Wednesday evening in honor of her guest, Mrs. Frederick Miller, of Memphis, Tenn. Mrs. Spencer, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. H. Danner, of Tremont avenue, has returned to her home in Plymouth. The lawn social which was to have been given by the ladies of the King-avenue M. E. Church has been postponed indefinitely. North Indianapolis. Mrs. Omer Campbell is visiting relatives in Bellefontaine, O. Dr. and Mrs. Karstatter and son are visiting friends in Martinsville. Miss Blanche Tyler will leave shortly for Louisville to remain several weeks. The Social Dozen Club was entertained Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Hugh Essex. The Modern Woodmen gave a special Friday evening at No. 102 West 10th street. Miss Inez Galloway, who has had an extended visit in Rockport, has returned home. The Iroquois Club gave a party Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. Wallace Loucks. Jesse Conkle, who is home from the Philippine Islands on a furlough, is visiting relatives here. Mr. Alfred Campbell, who has been visiting relatives in Bellefontaine, O., has returned home. Miss Clara Trowbridge, of Findlay, O., is the guest of the Misses Emery, on West Thirtieth street. Miss Hattie Akin entertained a number of her friends Friday evening at her home, on North Illinois street. Miss Maggie Boyd entertained a number of friends at her home Tuesday evening in honor of her friend, Miss Hester Meyers. The W. M. F. S. of the Home Presbyterian Church met Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Sprague, on West Twenty-third street. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Home Presbyterian Church met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Charles Norman, on West Twenty-seventh street. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Home Presbyterian Church will give a social at the home of Mrs. J. E. Brown, on West Twenty-third street, for the benefit of the new church. West Indianapolis. Mrs. Roy Ray is visiting friends in Terre Haute. Miss Maude Trussler, of Bentley, is the guest of Mrs. Lena McDowell. Nicholas, of Fort, of Morris, is the guest of Mr. Andrew Foltz and family. Mrs. Katherine Wilson, of Lafayette, is the guest of Mrs. L. Solinsky. Mrs. James Edwards, of Roachdale, is the guest of Mrs. David Kiser. Miss Lydia Kirk, of Fullerton, Neb., is the guest of Mrs. B. F. Prosser. Mr. and Mrs. Beckett, of Fremont, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle. Palmer Union, W. C. T. U. will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Metz. Mrs. Harner and daughter, Mrs. Cockley, are the guests of Mrs. W. L. Dunn. Mrs. Frank McClure, of Martintown, is the guest of Mrs. Thomas McClure. Miss Christina Farr, of Martintown, is the guest of Mrs. Perry Broughton. Mrs. L. E. Garson, of Momence, Ill., is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. T. Davis. Mrs. Nierwald and daughter, of Napoleon, are the guests of Mrs. C. G. Bauer. Mrs. James and Mrs. S. E. Shepherd, of North Vernon, are the guests of Mrs. J. H. Shepherd. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Grove and daughter, of Lebanon, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kiser. The C. I. Club will meet this week with Miss Loretto Sullivan, at her home, on Belmont avenue. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Morris-street Christian Church will meet this week with Mrs. Blake. Miss Minnie Houck, of Shirley, was the guest of Mrs. J. C. McCain during the early part of last week. Mr. Nathan Thompson, of Danville, was the guest of his brother, Mr. Lawrence Thompson, last week. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Trinity M. E. Church will meet this week with Mrs. J. Baker, on River street. Invitations have been given for the marriage of Mrs. Elizabeth Christian to Mr. E.

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CANCER IS NOT INCURABLE

Time was when Cancer was considered as incurable as leprosy. Physicians and friends could give little relief or encouragement to one afflicted with this terrible disease. Even now doctors know of no remedy for this fearful malady; while admitting it to be a blood disease, they still insist that there is no hope outside of a surgical operation, and advise you to have the Cancer cut out, but at the same time cannot assure you that it will not return. You may cut or draw out the sore, but another will come in its place, for the disease is in the blood—is deep-seated and destructive, and beyond the reach of the surgeon's knife or caustic, flesh-destroying plasters. The blood must be purified and strengthened, the system relieved of all poisonous, effete matter before the Cancer sore will heal.

S. S. S. is the only medicine that can overcome this powerful and contaminating poison and force it out of the blood. It builds up and invigorates the old, and supplies new, rich, life-giving blood. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy; no mineral can be found in it; the roots and herbs from which it is made contain powerful purifying properties that act directly upon the blood system and make a safe and permanent cure of Cancer. It has cured thousands, why not you?

Cancer is not always inherited; your family may be free from any taint, yet your blood may become so polluted that a severe and stubborn form of the disease may develop from a sore or ulcer on your tongue or other part of your body; a slight bruise or hurt, a little pimple on the eyelid, lip or nose, a small lump on the jaw or breast, a harmless looking wart or mole, and other causes so insignificant as to attract little or no attention. If S. S. S. is at once; it will cleanse your blood and prevent the formation of cancerous cells.

Mrs. R. Shirer, La Plata, Mo., writes: "A small pimple came on my jaw about one inch below the ear, and I did not think it was anything serious until the jaw began to swell and became much inflamed. At the same time the sore began to spread and eat into the flesh, and gave me intense pain. I tried everything I could hear of, but nothing did me any good. I then began the use of S. S. S., and after taking several bottles, the sore healed, and there is now no sign of the disease. This was two years ago, and I am still enjoying perfect health."

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mon Erwin, of Franklin, to take place June 20, at the bride's home on Division street. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Pilgrim Congregational Church will meet this week with Mrs. Ellis, on Ray street. Mrs. Jenkins, of Danville, Ill., Miss Margaret and Miss Butler, of Newman, Ill., are the guests of Mrs. D. D. Miller. Rev. A. H. Baldock will occupy the pulpit of River-avenue Baptist Church while Rev. Freeman is away on his vacation. Mr. Fred Warner, of Danville, was the guest of Mr. Lawrence Thompson and wife during the early part of last week. Children's day will be observed to-day at Trinity M. E. Church. Special services for the young will be held this morning. Rev. George Cloyd, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, will preach this Sunday in the church, Sunday School.

Mrs. William Bradford, of Nashville, Tenn., who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Robert McClure, returned to his home yesterday. The members of the Loyal Temperance Legion went to the Orphans' Home yesterday and gave their floral offerings to the children at that place. The Twentieth Century Club will meet Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Wilkins, on River avenue. The meeting of the club has been held until after the summer months.